

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 26

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Chapter 26

Sergio was never planning to let either one of the Vanderbilt daughters get away tonight. He could just wait until the other one came back, then ravage the both of them!

Willow struggled for a little while before the fast-acting drug took effect. Her body went limp. Too weak to move, her still body leaned against him. Sergio pinned her down. "Come to daddy." In the ladies' washroom...

Maisie knelt in front of the toilet. Holding her throat, she puked out every last bit of the juice. She stood up slowly by supporting her hands on the wall.

"D\*mn it, both of the juices were spiked!"

Not only was Sergio out to get her, but he was also targeting Willow!

Hah! Willow had wanted to set her up. But no way in hell was Maisie going to just sit there and be played. Willow could have a taste of her own medicine, all by herself!

Maisie washed her face. Feeling slightly sober, she got out of that hellhole as fast as she could.

Standing by the road, Maisie tried to hail a cab, but all the passing cabs were already occupied.

Her head was starting to feel dizzy.

She gave up and lowered her body to her knees.

Quincy drove by and saw the woman crouching by the street with one hand waving. She looked familiar. He took a closer look and was shocked. "Isn't that Miss Maisie Vanderbilt?"

Nolan looked over, his eyes dimmed. "Stop the car."

Quincy parked the car by the road. Nolan stepped and strode toward Maisie.

Did this woman have too much to drink?

Hearing someone call out her name, Maisie instantly lifted her head up and stared blankly into his eyes.

Perhaps it was because of her flushed cheeks that the state of her drunken stupor somehow seemed incredibly seductive. Nolan swallowed a nervous gulp and pulled her up from the ground. "What are you doing on the ground? Don't you know how dangerous it is out here?"

Any man would take advantage of a drunken girl crouching at the side of the road, let alone someone like her.

Maisie shook her head with all her might and shrugged off his helping hand. "Get away from me, just leave me alone."

She turned to leave, but Nolan pulled her back. Maisie lost her balance and fell into his embrace.

Gazing down at the woman in his arms, her skin so soft against his, Nolan felt his body stiffening. Even when Willow had hugged him the other night, it was nothing as intense as what he was feeling now.

He was about to lose his mind.

Nolan lifted her back to her feet in one fell swoop, placing both hands on his shoulders. "Miss Vanderbilt, you think that just because you—"

Upon seeing the blood trickling from Maisie's chewed-up fingers, Nolan's brows scrunched up. Holding her hands down, he growled, "Have you gone mad?"

"Take me to the hospital, please." Maisie spoke in a gentle and soft voice. Unlike her usual arrogant demeanor, she was sincerely begging for help.

It finally dawned on him that something was really wrong with her, so Nolan quickly took her to his car. "Hospital, now."

Quincy had no idea what was happening, but he quietly obeyed. At the hospital..

Maisie was lying in the bed of a private ward. After the nurse gave her an IV drip, she turned to look at the two men. *Maybe* it was because Quincy was standing closer to Maisie that the nurse questioned him, "Are you the boyfriend?"

"Huh?" Not knowing what to say, Quincy gaped at Nolan.

The nurse looked down at the examination report and said, "How could you make your girlfriend take such anaesthetics? Things like these require mutual consent. I get that you might want to spice up your love life, but these drugs are harmful to the body. My advice, stay away."

"No, wait, I..." Quincy's face blushed red like a tomato. He had never even been defiled! The nurse's judging tone made him feel impure!

The nurse ignored his attempt to clarify himself and walked off. Looking humiliated, he turned his head around. "Mr. Goldmann..." "Wait outside." Nolan sent him away.

Quincy kept his mouth shut. 'Oh, come on!' He left the room immediately.

Nolan gazed down at the unconscious woman for a long while. He never had the chance to properly look at her face before this. Each time they met, she would always have her teeth bared, claws out, ready to pounce.

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Nolan never knew this woman could look so serene and gentle asleep.

He glanced at the bite marks on her fingers. Was it because she was drugged and had to resort to such methods just to keep herself awake? How did someone as sharp-witted as her end up being preyed on?

If he had not run into her tonight, or worse still, if she had not escaped, then she would have...

Maisie's brows suddenly scrunched up, and her lashes trembled. It seemed like she was having a nightmare.

"No!" Hearing her scream, Nolan leaned closer to her. "Maisie?"

In her dream, Maisie yet again saw the man ravaging her that fateful night six years ago, but this time the man was faceless...

Maisie opened her eyes. She was frightened by the magnified face before her eyes, so she lifted her hand instinctively. "Ahhh!"

"Mr. Goldmann, is everything okay..." Hearing the commotion inside, Quincy barged in through the door. The moment he walked in, he saw a swollen red slap mark on Nolan's cheek. He quickly turned to leave, shutting the door tightly behind him.

Mr. Goldmann had been slapped in the face. No way was Quincy telling anyone that! So, he saw nothing!

Maisie finally came back to her senses. Seeing the storm clouds surrounding Nolan, she blurted awkwardly, "Haha... Why did you suddenly get so close? For a second there, I thought you were a ghost..."

Nolan brushed his fingers against his throbbing cheek and looked up at her. "This is the kindness I get in return for sending you to the hospital?"

"Well, that was completely unintentional," Maisie said in her defense. She lifted her face forward. "How about you give me a slap, and we call it even?"

Nolan was done talking to her. He preferred her best when she was asleep.

"What were you doing at a karaoke bar?" Nolan asked.

Maisie smiled politely. "What's the point in telling you? You wouldn't be pleased with my answer anyway."

She turned away and laid back down. She waved him away. "I'll just rest here for a while more. You, kind sir, may leave now."

Nolan seriously wanted to strangle this ungrateful woman.

He had sent her to the hospital, yet now that she was well and about, she immediately pushed him away?

Nolan walked out of the ward. Quincy, who was patiently waiting outside the door, continued pretending not to see the swollen red mark on his face. "Mr. Goldmann, shall we head back?"

"You stay back. Send her home once she wakes up."

Quincy was too lost for words to utter a response.

Clutching her waist, the disheveled Willow stumbled out of the karaoke bar entrance, furiously cursing through gritted teeth, "Maisie, you cursed b\*tch. If it weren't for you..."

If Maisie had not escaped, she would not have fallen into the groping hands of Sergio Baldwin!

No way in hell was she going to let Maisie get away with it!

When Maisie finally woke up again, it was already ten at night. Carrying her cellphone in one hand, she walked out of the ward. To her surprise, Quincy was sitting upright on the corridor bench. "What are you still doing here?"

'Isn't that Nolan's personal assistant?' Maisie wondered.

Quincy got up slowly and said reluctantly, "Mr. Goldmann wanted me to give you a ride home."

'I know! That's so sweet of him! I'm so touched, I could cry!' was what he imagined her response would be. After all, Mr. Goldmann hardly ever cared about the women he met.

"Oh, I see. Well, let's go then."

Maisie waved her hand, signaling for him to come. No sign of overwhelming gratitude. Instead, she acted as if this was all well-deserved and treated Quincy like he was a free Uber ride. Quincy let out a sigh.

Just another ordinary day in his pitiful life.

Quincy drove Maisie to the address she had given him. After Maisie got off, she dug through her purse and placed \$2 on the passenger seat. "For the ride. Drive safe."

Quincy picked up the crumpled dollar bills, so deformed there were little tears from the folds. His heart screamed in frustration. is barely enough for gas! 'And this is a luxury car! No, wait... What do I care? I'm not an Uber driver!

'Hold up, this neighborhood she lives in...' Quincy was confused. 'Miss Maisie Vanderbilt is staying in Seaview Villa, too? What are the odds?'

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### Chapter 28

The next day-in the conference room of Blackgold headquarters.

The process of this serious meeting was equivalent to 30 minutes of torture for those in the room, especially since a gloomy aura was permeating from the person sitting in the center seat, which made the executives on both sides quiver.

Nolan's head was not in the meeting at all. Instead, it was occupied with a certain cursed woman from last night. Just because he had had a lewd dream all night long, as if he were possessed, all he could see was that woman's face. He must be going insane.

When the meeting finally ended, Nolan returned to his office with his jaw clenched. Holding a bunch of documents, Quincy walked in. "Mr. Goldman, you're back from the meeting."

"Yeah." Nolan sat back in his chair impetuously. "We're going swimming tonight."

Quincy paused midway while flipping through the documents in his hands and looked up. "What? Why the sudden urge to swim?"

Nolan hesitated before looking up with a straight face and spitting out the words. "To cool off."

Quincy muttered, "Oh!" As if something came to mind, he exclaimed, "By the way, sir, when I sent Miss Vanderbilt home last night,"

"Stop, don't speak of that woman." Nolan was in no mood to hear her name. Quincy kept his mouth shut. Alright, maybe he was talking too much.

"If you're sure about swimming tonight, then I'll cancel your RSVP for Mr. Bouche's birthday. Though, Mr. Goldman Sr really wanted you to be there." Seeing Nolan's irritable expression, Quincy immediately stopped talking. He was only a messenger at Vaenna Jewelry... While Maisie was passing through the corridor, a couple of employees walked past her, and she overheard their chatter.

“Have you seen Director Vanderbilt today? She’s a stick of walking dynamite. Nothing ever pleases her. She’s so hot-tempered when she’s hardly capable herself.”

“Too bad she had to be a Vanderbilt. We’ll just have to bear with it.”

Maisie came to a halt and gave them a glance. As if a thought suddenly came to mind, she marched toward Willow’s office. “I said to leave me alone!” Without even looking, Willow threw a folder on her table in the direction of the door. It landed right by Maisie’s feet.

Maisie picked up the folder and smiled. “It’s only morning. What got you so riled up?” “Ah, Maisie, it’s you.”

The events of the night before flashed through Willow’s head. With a surge of rage, she marched toward Maisie and lifted her hand up, charging for a slap.

Maisie swiftly stopped the incoming slap. “Did someone unleash the hounds of hell? Weren’t you the one who tried to set me up last night?”

She had fallen for it once six years ago. Did Willow think she would fall for the same trick twice?

Only an idiot would be that stupid.

"I... I don't know what you're talking about." Willow felt too drained to argue.

"Then what are you mad at me for?" Maisie stared right into her eyes. "Unless... I wasn't the only one drugged?"

"You..." Willow stammered. She certainly could not let Maisie know what had gone down between her and Mr. Baldwin last night!

She pulled her hand back. "Did you think Mr. Baldwin wouldn't come after you again just because you got away last night? Once he lays his eyes on something, he'll do whatever it

takes to get it!"

The corner of Maisie's lips curled into a sneer. "Just as well. Those who lay eyes on me tend to go through hell."

The blood drained from Willow's face. Why was this b\*tch so difficult to deal with!?

"Ah, right. I'm rehiring an old staff member. Could you sign off on this?" Maisie held out the papers in front of her face.

Without even looking, Willow replied, "Over my dead body."

“Oh, never mind then. I guess I’ll just ask Nolan.” As Maisie was about to put the papers away, Willow snatched them from her hand and signed immediately, not even bothering to read the document.

Right then, she looked just like Maisie when she had been threatened to sign the other day.

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Maisie walked out and shut the door to Willow’s office.

Looking at the document Willow had signed, Maisie smirked. Dealing with simpletons was so mundane.

Just then, a call from Ryleigh came through.

Maise walked toward the stairs before she picked up the call.

“Zee, could you come with me to my Uncle Boucher’s birthday party tonight? I told my dad that I would bring the infamous designer, Zora. He’s been wanting to meet you since forever!”

Hearing how excited Ryleigh was, Maisie answered reluctantly, “But I don’t even know the Bouchers...”

“But I do! Since you’re back in the country, you should get to know more people. Who knows? You might even meet your soulmate tonight!”

“I’m a mother of three kids. What soulmate?” Maisie sighed.

“Aww, Zee! Come on! Say you’ll go?”

She could never win against Ryleigh. Thus, Maisie had no choice but to accompany her best friend.

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Mr. Boucher's birthday banquet was held at the Regal Ballroom. The Bouchers were the real nobility here in the royal capital. The other elite families around paled in comparison to them. Even the Goldmanns—who held great authority in Bassburgh and ranked alongside the Bouchers—would not risk offending them. However, the Goldmanns trod in business while the Bouchers were in politics. There was generally no conflict of interest between the two.

Everyone in Bassburgh knew the Bouchers had two sons. The eldest, Helios Boucher, was an A-list film star in the entertainment industry of Zlokova who had won awards for two film festivals. He was known as the nation's hunk with over two hundred million fans. Not to mention, he was also a singer and a shareholder of Royal Crown Entertainment Co.

It seemed Mr. Boucher's birthday was exclusive only to the rich and powerful. Ordinary elite families like the Vanderbilts did not fit the required eligibility. "Zee, hurry up!" Ryleigh, who was walking up the stairs, turned to hurry Maisie out of the car. The moment she stepped out, Ryleigh's jaw hung ajar. Maisie wore a graceful black and gold dress with a deep neckline and a cinched waist, showing off her slender body. The bottom of the skirt bloomed like a trumpet flower, its petal veins lined with a layer of shimmering gold.

It was as if she was wearing a galaxy of stars. The black flower diamond earrings swayed with every step she took. Along with the delicate makeup she had on, she was beautiful, like a goddess who had come alive from an ancient Greek sculpture.

Seeing Ryleigh gaping back at her, Maisie knocked her head with the clutch in her hand. "What are you staring at?"

Ryleigh pretended to faint and leaned against her shoulder, taking advantage of her. "Why am I not a man? How infuriating! I'm so jealous of the lucky b\*stard who gets to end up with you."

Marrying such a perfect wife was like hitting the jackpot!

Maisie put her arms around Ryleigh and said jokingly, "If you really want to be a man, all you have to do is undergo surgery. Your father might even be happy when he realizes he has another son."

Ryleigh pursed her lips. Linking her arm through Maisie's, they entered the venue together.

Naturally, Maisie's appearance attracted the eyes of many men around her, who either looked amazed or were in complete awe. Standing among the crowd, she became a bright iridescent ray of light—impossible to be lost in the shadows.

Ryleigh smirked. "I'll say, bringing you with me really does light up the scene."

Maisie's beauty outshone Willow by a million miles!

"Looks to me, these people here are no ordinary joes?" Maisie could tell, judging from their gestures and the grandeur of this banquet.

"Why, of course! It's Uncle Boucher's birthday. Only high-ranking officials and the super-rich and powerful are invited. You certainly won't find any lightweights swarming the place. Even the Vanderbilts could never step foot in here."

Maisie chuckled. "You do know I'm a Vanderbilt too, right?"

"You're different. You're here as the infamous designer Zora, who was received by the royals of Stoslo. You definitely qualify!" Ryleigh assured her.

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At that moment, two men stood above the stairwell.

Leaning against one arm and holding a wine glass in the other, the man in the navy blue suit lowered his gaze onto the mesmerizing silhouette amidst the crowd. He turned to look at Nolan. Lifting up his wrist, he glanced at his watch. Nolan had been staring at the woman for over ten minutes.

"That woman does look rather beautiful."

"Mm," Nolan answered faintly.

He had noticed her as soon as she walked in. Whenever the woman moved in the crowd, the gaze of every man around her followed, eyes burning with lust. Without needing any feigned effort to charm or be flirtatious, her just standing there was enough to keep all eyes on her.

Helios Boucher looked at him with a glimpse of surprise. "How rare of you to actually find a woman attractive!"

For all the years he had known Nolan, never had he heard the man agree out loud to a woman being beautiful. Not even Willow, who was always by his side.

Nolan finally looked away. He finished the glass of wine in his hand and placed it down. Then, he turned around and strode down the stairs.

The corner of Helios' lips curled into a smirk as he looked at those gorgeous, dewy eyes. Maisie was laughing and chatting merrily away. A woman so perfectly breathtaking with a smile so alluring. No wonder Nolan could not stand still.

"Dad, this is the infamous Miss Zora, whom I met in Stoslo."

After being introduced by his daughter, Russell Hill smiled and raised his glass. "So you're the jewelry designer, Zora. My daughter's told me so much about you. Seeing you in person, I have to say, you are indeed astounding."

Maisie nodded with a grin. "Mr. Hill, you flatter me."

Ryleigh was smiling from ear to ear until she saw the man behind Maisie, leaving her feeling completely deflated.

Russell lifted his glass politely in the man's direction. "Mr. Goldmann."

Taken by surprise, Maisie stepped aside and turned to look at Nolan. 'Bloody h\*11! This man is like a phantom who just won't stop haunting me!

Nolan gave her a passing glance, and then he looked back at Russell before clinking their glasses.

He held the wine glass against his lips and saw Ryleigh. "This is..." CAS?

Russell introduced them with a smile. "This is my daughter, Ryleigh Hill."

A wave of embarrassment washed over Ryleigh's face. 'Oh, crap!

"Ah, I see, you're Miss Hill." Nolan took a sip of wine and cracked a smirk. "I bumped into Miss Hill not so long ago at the police station."

"Russell glared at Ryleigh. "Did you get yourself into trouble again?"

Ryleigh made a pitiful pouting face and hid behind Maisie. "Dad, I swear I didn't. It was all a misunderstanding!"

Maisie glanced at Nolan, who seemed to be enjoying this. She turned to face Russell and feigned a grin. "Mr. Hill, Ryleigh was at the station because of me. I accidentally crashed into Mr. Goldmann's car. She was only there to help me."

Looking rather disconcerted, Russell nodded.

Nolan looked at her. This woman would actually sacrifice herself just to protect a friend.'

"It sure is lively over here." A voice slowly came close.

A man wearing a tailored navy blue suit approached them. The man exuded elegance. He had flawlessly sculpted features, a face so immaculately handsome it was beyond words. With his innate grace and nobility, along with that dreamy face, he seemed heaven-sent.

How should one describe him? He was the very definition of a prince charming who had stepped out of a fairytale. He was flawless. 1

Helios Boucher-Maisie had been aware of his identity since a long time ago. After all, he was a famous singer and an award-winning actor. He only ever appeared in exceptional films. She had seen him in movies, playing a bunch of different characters, but never in real life.

Moreover, his name was befitting of his persona, Helios-the sun god. Like the first rays of the morning sun illuminating the dark.

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